OTIUM Literatum.

SIVE

Miſcellanea quædam Poemata ab H. BIRCHEAD è Collegio O. A. *IC*^to^,

ET

H. STVBBE ex Æde Chriſti *Oxon*; hactenus ſeorſim edita, nunc in unum volumen redacta;

Quibus accedunt *Deliciæ* Poetarum Anglicanorum in Græcum tranſlatæ:

Authore eodem HENRICO STVBBE
A. M. ex Æde Chriſti.

OXONIÆ,
Excudebat H. HALL pro ED: FORREST.
MDCLVJ

[Delitiæ, 1658]

Reverendo admodum Doctiſſimoq; viro

M^ro THOMÆ BARLOW,

Bibliothecæ BODLEIANÆ Proto-cuſtodi

ET

Collegii Reginalis in Academ: *Oxon:*
Præſidi digniſſimo, Amico & fautori
ſuo plurimùm colendo,

Hæc ſuæ in Græcis Poeſeos Analecta

D. D. D. L. M. Q.

HENRICUS STUBBE.

HENRY *the Second keepeth with much care*)
Lord CLIFFORDS *daughter*, ROSAMOND *the faire;*
And whilst his Sonnes doe Normandie *invade,*
He fore d to France, *with wondrous cost had made*
A Labyrinth in VVoodstock, *where unseene*
His Love might lodge safe, from his jealous Queene:
Yet when he stay'd beyond his time abroad,
Her pensive Brest, his Darling to unload,
In this Epistle did her griefe complaine;
And his Rescription tells her his againe.

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

WHen first the Post arrived at my Tent,
And brought the Letter Rosamond *had sent;*
Think frō his Lips but what dear Comfort came,
When in mine Eare he softly breathd thy Name:
Straight I injoynd him, of thy Health to tell,
Longing to heare my Rosamond *did will;*
With new Enquiries then I cut him short,
When of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest Haste, my Tongue oft trips,
Catching the Words halfe spoke, out of his Lips:
This told, yet more I urge him to reveale,
To lose no time, whilst I unrip'd the Seale.
The more I reade, still doe I erre the more,
As though mistaking somewhat said before:

Missing

HENRICUS SECUNDUS, Rex *Anglorum*, pellicem habuit *Rosamundã*, fœminam singulari venustate, hanc, cùm adversùs se filius rebellâsset, in *Woodstochiam* inclusit, quoad ipse bello peregrè distineretur: illa verò solitudinem pertæsa, literas plenas querimoniarum ad Regem scripsit, quibus ille sic respondet: referente *Michaele Drayton*.

HENRICUS ROSAMUNDÆ.

Θεία Ῥοσάμουνδα, τίς σὲ ἀγγελιώτης
Αὐλὶν ἔγραψεν ἐμοὶ, ἐκ δ' ἔφατ' ἀγγελίῃ·
Οἵης πρεπολῆς μ' ἐπίβαιν, χ' ὅσιον ἐθέλξειν
Οὐ βιατὸς με τῆς θαπείσης ἐκοπίς
Εἴρομαι ἐν μεσόπῃσι (τί γὰρ μεσοβόειλα τοῖς;)
Εὐσεβὴ μήτηρ εἰ Ῥοσάμουνδα πόλει.
Μὴ θ' μὴ δοκῇ ἔλκτο, ἔπι ἐπίσσιν ἄρμεν
Τῇ χ' τῇ θαμινῶς ἀμπιθελκόμεθα.
Ξερέθω πυκινῶν ἐπέων ἀδ' ἀνικὸτ' ἀμιβὴ,
Καὶ πάλιν αὖ ἐρύω ἐμμεμαῶτα λέγειν.
Ἕως πίνακ' πυκίσσιο δαΐζω ἔχματα, πολλὰ
Δίζηται ὠκέων κάρδ' ἐϊόλβῳ.
Ὡς πλέον εἰσορόω, πλέον ἄσκοπος ἠδ' ἀλιτήων
Οἷα πατρογενῶν τὸν μεσεύοντα λέγον.

Missing the Point, the doubtfull Sense is broken,
Speaking againe what I before had spoken.
Still in a Swoond, my Heart revives and faints,
Twixt hopes, despairs, twixt Smiles & deep Complaints.
As these sad Accents sort in my Desires, (Fires,
Smooth Calms, rough Storms, sharpe Frosts, and raging
Put on with Boldnesse, and put back with Feares,
For oft thy Troubles doe extort my teares.
O, how my Heart at that black Line did tremble!
That blotted Paper should Thy selfe resemble;
O, were there Paper but neere halfe so white!
The Gods thereon their sacred Lawes would write
With pens of Angels wings; and for their Inke,
That Heavenly Nectar, their immortall Drinke.
Majestique Courage strives to have suppresst
This fearfull Passion, stird up in my Brest;
But still in vaine the same I goe about,
My heart must break within, or Woes breake out.
✻ Am I at home pursud with private Hate?
And Warre comes raging to my Palace Gate?
Is meager Envie stabbing at my Throne,
Treason attending when I walke alone?
✻ And am I branded with the curse of Rome,
And stand condemned by a Councils Doome?
✻ And by the pride of my rebellious Sonne,
Rich Normandie with Armies over-runne?
Fatall my Birth, unfortunate my Life,
✻ Unkind my Children, most unkind my Wife.
Griefe, Cares, old Age, Suspition to torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me;

Πεντηκοντόρου τε παρείπετο μῦθον ἑταίρου·
Τέως ῥ' ὁμὸν ἀμφιπολέων λύτησεν αὐδὴν ἔπος.
Ἀλλὰ θεὸν ἀδμῆτες, πάλιν τ' εἰς φρένα θυμὸς ἀγήρθη,
Μέσσα γάλα, μειλιχίη, ἑλπὶς ἠδὲ φόβος·
Πασσυδίη ὁμάδησαν ἐὺ στιβαροῖσι φίλοισι
Νηνεμίη, λαίλαπι, χείμα τε πυρ τε μάλ' ἐσθλόν·
Νῦν ἤδη, αἶψά με δαίμων ἀγανοσίῃσιν ἐοίκει,
Αἰνῶς γὰρ σοὶ δειδία, μή τι πάθῃς.
Φεῦ φεῦ δῖον ἔχαφας· ἐμοὶ μέγα θυμὸν ἀΰζει,
* Ὡς σίδεν ἀπτύπτος ὅτι μέλαινα σιλίς·
Εἰ σῆς ἀγλαΐης τείπατον λάχος εἰ χε πάπυρος,
Ἄξομαι ἰσοφυὲς ἐκ ὀνόστατο θέμις,
Ἔνθά κεν ὑμέλαν πλὴν γέτεος εἶη ἀπορραῖξ,
Καὶ πτερὸν ἀγγελικὸν πασμέλανα γεφίες.
Δηθὰ τόδ' ὀπλεσθαῖν πάλος ἶστι θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ·
Καὶ παλίνορσον ἀοὶ φεῖκα δασκιάσαι.
Ἀλλ' ἦν ἀλὶν ἐλαφρὸν. ἐπὶ κε μοι αὖτικα ἔξω
Στηθέων ἐκθρώσκοι ἢ γόος, ἢ ῥόος.
Οἴκαδι δυσμενέων ἐρύθει πολύπυκρος ἐρωὴ
Καὶ φεσταρέειδε πυλέων μαίνεσθ' ἅλος Ἄρηϊ·
Βασιανὶη χλωρῇσι ἐπὶ θρόνου ἀργυρόπλου
Ἔσσυται ἀντίπαλος μῦθον ἔλεκε λόχος·
Ἀσί μι Λύσιν αἶσα κακὴ ἔσυξεν ἀλιτρὸν
Ἀνδρῶν ἐυαγέων θεσπεσίῃ ἀγυιεῖ·
Νορμανίην ἔμεδε· ὡς ἐκφέρλος ἠδ' ἄπις
Δηΐδα, μίσγων ῥιγεδανὴ πολέμοις·
Δύσιν γενετὴν, βίοτον πανάπολμον ἐπύχθη,
Τιες ἐλέγχεσι, αἰνοτάτη γυνή.
Ἄλγεα, ἠδ' ἀλεδόνες, ἀτιμίαι γῆθεσι ἐπήγεν,
Καὶ μυρομένοις ἐμοὶ ὑλὶν ὄνειαρ ἔρυ.

So many Woes, so many Plagues to find,
Sickneſſe of Bodie, diſcontent of mind;
Hopes left, Helpe reſt, Life wronged, Joy interdicted,
Baniſhd, diſtreſſd, forſaken, and afflicted,
Of all Reliefe hath fortune quite beriſt me,
Onely my Love, yet as my comfort left me:
And is one beauty thought ſo great a thing,
To mitigate the Sorrowes of a King?
Bard of that Choice the Vulgar often proves
Have we, then they, leſſe priviledge in Love?
Is it a King the wofull Widdow heares?
Is it a King dries up the Orphans teares?
Is it a King regards the Clients crie?
Gives Life to him, by Law condemnd to die?
Is it his Care the Common-wealth that keeps,
As doth the Nurſe her Babie, whilſt it ſleeps?
And that poor King of all thoſe Hopes prevented,
Unheard, unhelpd, unpitid, unlamented?
Yet let me be with Poverty oppreſt,
Of Earthly Bleſſings robd, and diſpoſſeſt,
Let me be ſcornd, rejected, and revild,
And from my Kingdome let me live exild,
Let the Worlds Curſe upon me ſtill remaine,
And let the laſt bring on the firſt againe;
All Miſeries that wretched Man may wound,
Leave for my Comfort onely ROSAMOND.
For Thee, ſwift Time his ſpeedy courſe doth ſtay,
At thy Command the Deſtinies obay;
Pitty is dead, that comes not from thine Eies,
And at thy Feet even Mercy proſtrate lies.

If

Πήμασι τοσσατίοις, τόσσης ἀτασθαλίης ἔκυρσα,
Σῶμ' ὀλιγηπελέειν, κῆρα πνύσασι ἐμόν.
Ἐλπὶς, χαῖρε, σὺ δ' ἄλλα τὰ δώματα ἄλκιδι λέλασσαι,
Οἰδὲν δὶς θνητοῖς ἐσθλὸν, ἀπεστὶ δὲ φυγάς.
Ὀφρύσι πᾶσα τύχη πάσης ἐπιτέτροφε λύπης,
Καὶ ὤφρ' (φεῦ! φεῦ!) ὅσον ἔρωτα λίτεν.
Ἔρρετε λωβητῆρες, ἵης τί μεμαίρετε χύρης;
Τίς τέμαχας, βασιλεῦ, σὰς ἐπὶ νύμφας μιῆς
Νηποινὶ δαμάσασι βοτῆρ' ἐπιδόσιμα δίκῃ;
Πῶς ἀμύγαρτος ἔοι, ἢ νεμεσητὸς ἀναξ;
Ἦ ἐ βασιλεὺς χήρης αὐδὴν γοόεσαν ἀκούει;
Δάκρυά τ' ὀρφανικὰν ἢ ἐκ ὑπομόρξειν ἄναξ;
Ἦ ἐ βασιλεὺς ἱκετέων ἄϊεν; πιφαυσκέμεν αἶσαν
Ἦ ἐ βασιλεὺς πικρὸν ἐξανέλυσε μόρον;
Ἦ ἐ βασιλεὺς λαὸν πολυϊδρείῃσιν ἔρυσ',
Ὡς ὅταν ὑπναλέον παῖδα κόμισε τροφός;
Ἔρρει ἐν κἀκείνῳ αἶσα, ἄπυς, ἄελπις,
Νώνυμος, ἄκλαυτος, νόσφιν ἄτερθε φίλων;
Ἀλλά πέ μοι ταῦτα, χεὼ ἀλίας ἐπιείρει,
Ὄλβε τε χθονίε ἀμείσεσθε λάχοι.
Ἦδη βεστῶς ἐπὶ χάρμα, σεσῶς ἀλλαπάλῃσι γενοίμην,
Δύσομαι ἐς πόλεμον χάλκεον ἱέμενος φυγάς.
Καὶ χθονὸς εὐρυχόρου ἐράσσατο ἄλληκτος ἄρειη
Περσεσκυλιεδμένη ἄλλα σεσὶ ἄλλα κακά.
Μοῖρ' ὀλοὴ λελάχοι μ' ἀπάσης πάντας ἀάτης,
Ἀγκὰς παρημένην εἰ Ῥοδόμοιο δόμων ἔχω.
Ὠρέων τροφαλίγγα τεὴ ἐπιδόντες ὁμοκλῇ,
Λοίγιοι ἐνεσσεῖσθε πόλεμα πάντες τεῆς.
Τυκτὴ μεγαλοχάρι σοι ὑπὸ κλειτάροιϊν ἄντο,
Αὐτόταλος δ' ἐάλη σὺς ὑπὸ θοοῖσιν ἔρκος.

Παχυάδης

If I were feeble, rheumatike, or cold,
These were true signes that I were waxed old:
But I can march all day in massie steele,
Nor yet my Armes unwieldy weight doe feele;
Nor wak'd by Night with Bruise or blondie Wound,
The Tent my Bed, no Pillow but the Ground:
For very Age had I laine Bedred long,
One Smile of thine, againe could make me Young.
Were there in Art a Power but so divine,
As is in that sweet Angell-tongue of Thine,
That great Enchantresse, which once tooke such paines,
To put young Blond into old Æsons Veines,
And in Groves, Mountaines, and the Mooriſh Fen,
Sought out more Hearbes then had been knowne to Men,
And in the pow'rfull Potion that she makes,
Put Blond of Men, of Birds, of Beasts, and Snakes:
Never had needed to have gone so farre,
To seeke the Soyles where all those simples are;
One Accent from thy Lips the Blond more warmes,
Then all her Philters, Exorciſmes, and Charmes.
Thy Presence hath repaired in one day,
What many Yeares with Sorrowes did decay,
And made freſh Beautie in her flower to spring,
Out of the wrinkles of Times ruining.
Ev'n as the hungry Winter-ſtarved Earth,
When she by nature labours towards her Birth,
Still as the Day upon the darke world creeps,
One Bloſsome forth after another peepes,
Till the ſmall Flower, whoſe Roote (at laſt) unbound,
Gets from the froſtie Priſon of the Ground,

Spreading

¶ Παχνωθεὶς κραδίῃ, σιγαλὸς πόδας, ἄσσα δ' ἀμαυρὸς
Εἰ γενόμην, ὀρθῶς μυθολόγευσα λέγων.
Παντῆμαρ δ' ἐμὲ κικερδὴς ἀϋδων χαλκῷ,
Οὐδέ τι πω τείρει ἄχθος ἐπωμάδιον.
Τέκνον ἐμοὶ οὐκ ἀτελής, οὐχ ἥλιος ὅλεσσεν,
Αὐλὶς ἔγκυτος λέχθος, χθονὶ πορὼν ἐμοί.
Εἰ δ' ἤγαρον λιπόγυιος ἐπὶ λεχέεσσιν ἐμείμην,
Τύμπα κ' ὑμέας μειδιόωσα νέον.
Χαίλεος αἶκα πὺξ ἀντάξιος ἔπλετο τέχνῃ,
Ἰσόμορος γλώσσης εἰ ἐτέτυκτο πίνις,
Αἰαίη Μήδεια, πάλαι ἢ πάσσε μύσησι
Γῆρας ἀποξύσαι Αἴσονος ἀρχεγόνου,
Καὶ φυτὰ ποικίλα δίζε, πάρος μερόπεσσιν ἄπυστα,
Δάσκιά ἀμφὶ ναίσι, θεσπόνας, εἰαμενάς,
Ἀνδρῶν, ὀιωνῶν, θηρῶν βεότον ἠδὲ δρακόντων
Ἐγχεράσασα, πόσιν φαρμακόεσσαν ἔδυ.
Μὴ αὖτως ἀλύουσα, πόσιν ὀδὺν ὄψεσι, γαῖαν
Μαξεύουσα φυτῆς ὑπτίης πυκνὸν ἀπῶν.
Νικᾷ σὴς γλώσσης φθογγὸ μία θαυμαστὰ φίλτρα,
Καὶ ἰὸς ἀοιδάων μυθιόεσσα ἀρωγή.
Αἶψά κεν ἐξακέσαιτο πὴ ζείδωρος ὀπωπὴ
Ὅσσον ἐχαφλὲ χρόος, ὅσσον ἐμαφλὲ χρόος.
Ἥβης αὖ αὐδὴς θεσπεσίζεο φίλτατον ἄνδος,
Ἠὲ παρειάων ῥυπόδας ἐκπάγυσας.
Ὡς ὁπότε δρηὼ ὑπὸ χείματι πεπηυῖα
Γαῖα, πάλιν σφετεραῖς αἴαρος ἀρχομένου.
Τερφθεῖσ' ἢ βλαστὸς ἀναγείκεται, ἄλλον ὑπ' ἄλλῳ,
Ἠέλιος φαίδιμον θερμοπέμπεσι βολῇς.
Εἰσόκε μιν κύλον ἀνδος ἐῇ ἐσοδίχθονι βίζῃ
Κευμὴ ἀργαλέας ἐξυπάλυξε πόδας.

Χλωρὴ

Spreading the Leaves unto the pow'rfull Noone,
Deck'd in freſh Colours, ſmiles upon the Sun.
Never unquiet Care lodg'd in that Breſt,
Where but one Thought of ROSAMOND *did reſt;*
Nor Thirſt, nor Travaile, which on war attend,
Ere brought the long Day to deſired end;
Nor yet did pale Fear, or leane Famine live,
Where hope of Thee did any Comfort give:
Ah, what Injuſtice then is this of Thee,
That thou the Guiltleſſe doſt condemne for me?
When only ſhe (by meanes of my Offence)
Redeemes thy Pureneſſe, and thy Innocence,
When to our Wills perforce obey they muſt,
That's juſt in them, what ere's in us unjuſt,
Of what we do, not them account we make;
The Fault craves pardon for th' Offendors ſake:
"*And what to worke, a Princes Will may merit,*
"*Hath deepſt impreſſion in the gentleſt Spirit.*
If't be my name, that doth Thee ſo ſo offend,
No more my ſelfe ſhall be my own Names Friend;
If it be that, which Thou doſt only hate,
That Name, in my Name, laſtly hath his date:
Say 'tis accurſt, and fatall, and diſpraiſe it,
If written, blot it, if engraven, raze it;
Say, that of all Names *'tis a* Name *of* Woe,
Once a Kings Name, *but now it is not ſo:*
And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee:
And therefore (Sweet) why ſhould I now believe thee?
Nor ſhouldſt thou think, thoſe Eies with Envy lowre,
which paſſing by thee, gaze up to thy Towre;

But

Χλωρὰ τὰ φύλλα πέπασαι παρ' ῥοδάκινον λόχον ἠῶ;
Ἀχλαίην τ' ἄντλου δακάλῃ γάνυται.
¶ Οὐκέτι μνήσεσθαι μεμέλην ἐρίθοιαν ἀνίαις
Ἦν, Ροδόπωνδα, τὴν εἰσαρίκανε πόθη.
Οὐ σονόεις μόγος, οὐδὲ μόθε κρυόεντος ἑταίρη
Δίψα πολυλλίζαν νυκτὸς ἔτυξε δρέπειν.
Οὐ τερόμος ἀζηχὴς, ἐδ' αἰθυῖ λιμὸς ἐπίσσει
Ὃς σ' ἔθεν ἀτάλλοι ἐλπὶδ' ἀμυδροτέρην.
Τίς ῥ' οὕτως ἀχάρις ἐμεῦ ἔνεχ' ἅδε τέρψα,
Οὐδὲν νηλιτοῖς αἰνέσσω, φίλη;
Ἀκαλήμην σοὶ ἐγὼ, κἀγὼ ἀλιτημένος εἰμὶ;
Καὶ σὺ ἀτασθαλίης ἄμμορος, οὐκ ὀνοτή.
Εἰ γὰρ μήχανόν ἐστιν ἐπικλάσσαι ὅπι καλεύω,
Οὐ σφι νεμεσσητὸν ὄρρ' ἀδέμισον ἐμοί.
Εὐρυμέδων μ' ἐγὼ ἀνυπόδυτα δήσεα νωμῶ,
Ἀμφαλακὴν ὁπὼς τῶς κακοεργὸς ἐὴν.
Πάντῃ δὴ τελευτήσει τε καὶ ἔρξει θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
Ὅ χρείοντι φίλος καὶ μενοεικὴς ἔοι,
¶ Λάθρῃ τῷ ἐμὸν ἐκ σπλάγχνων ἔνεμα θυμὸν,
Οὐδέ μοι ἦδος, ἀτὰρ πάγχυ τόδ' ὠδυσάμην.
Εἰ τόδ' ἀπιχθαίρεις, καὶ δ' ἔστυγες ὥς σοι θυμῷ,
Οἴχεσθ' ἀειζήλης μνῆσις ὑπωπυμίης.
Ἀρπὴν καὶ ἀπήμονα ἔνδοθι, κυδάζεο λίμνῃ,
Μῶμον ἀνάντη γεφύρῃ, μῶμον ἀναπτὴ γλυφῇ,
Καί φαο δύσζηλον ἐπὶ πάντων ἔμμεν', ἀνακτος
Ὄνομα θὴν ὡς πάλαι, νῦν δὴ τε ἐκὼ, λέγε.
Αὐτὸς ἐσεῖ τόδ' ἔρεξας ὀπίσσεσθαι ἔζεται ἄλγος
Πῶς ῥ' ἔπεσσι τοῖς νῦν πεπίθοιμι, φίλη;
¶ Μὴ φάο, ὡς αἴδηλα μεγαίρει, ὅστις ὀδίτης
Πύργον ἐφ' ὑψηλὸν δόχμιον ὄμμα τρέπει.

Ουτ

But rather praiſe thine owne, which be ſo cleare,
Which from the Turrets like two Starres appeare;
Above, the Sun doth ſhine, beneath, thine Eye,
Mocking the Heaven, to make another Skye.
The little ſtreame which by the Tower doth glide,
Where oft thou ſpend'ſt the wearie Ev'ning tide,
To view thee well, his Courſe would gladly ſtay,
As loth from thee to part ſo ſoone away,
And with ſalutes thy ſelfe would gladly greet,
And offer up ſome ſmall drops at thy feet;
But finding, that the envious Bankes reſtraine it,
T'excuſe it ſelfe, doth in this ſort complaine it,
And therefore this ſad bubling Murmure keepes,
And for thy want, within the Channell weepes.
And as thou do'ſt into the Water looke,
The Fiſh which ſee thy ſhaddow in the Brooke,
Forget to feede, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the luſtre of thine Eye.
And that ſweet name, which thou ſo much do'ſt wrong,
In time ſhall be ſome famous Poets ſong;
And with the very ſweetneſſe of that Name,
Lyons and Tygers Men ſhall learne to tame.
The carefull Mother at her penſive Breſt,
With Roſamond *ſhall bring her Babe to Reſt;*
The little birds (by Mens continuall ſound)
Shall learne to ſpeake, and prattle Roſamond;
And when in Aprill they beginne to ſing,
With Roſamond *ſhall welcome in the Spring;*
And ſhe in whom all Rarities are found,
ſhall ſtill be ſaid to be a Roſamond.

The

Ὅσσοι τὸν κύδιστον ἀμύμονα, ἢτ' ἀπὸ πυργῶν
Ἄσσεις ἀχαιάδας ἴσον ἰθέοις σίλαι.
Τῷ μὲν ἔπειθ' ἑλόντες τὸν ὄμμα δ' ἔνερθεν,
Ἀντίπορον δ' ὑπάτην αἰδόεις αὐδὴρ ἔχει.
Πλάξ ἄγχε τῶν μεγάρων καταχυδὲ ῥέουσα,
Δείλιν ὑπεδδυνὶν πολλάκις ἦχε μίνεν.
Περσεύσεις κεν ἑωυτὸν ἐὸν μίνθ', ὅρ' ἐν ὑπαπῆς
(Ὡς ἀέλιον ῥάει) ἀντιάσεν τῆς.
Καί κε σε ἀπαυέσιν σφεσπύξατο, αὐτικυλίσας
Ἰαμίδην λιβάδας τεσσὶν ὑπεκλαέειν.
Τήνδ' ἐπεὶ ἄρ τε χλαδαρὰν ἐργυίαν ἰχανόωσι,
Μορμύρουσα ἑαρὶν πάτιμον ἀναστρέχει.
Ὀρεχ' ἧς ἐυκελάδεσσιν ὑπὸ σφυρῶσι πεδιπλὴς
Φῦ δαιδαλέην ἀργυρέαν καλέσαι.
Καὶ νέσσοδες λιγύσσιν τῆς ἀμφὶ γυμνὰ ὑπαπῆς,
Ἦος ὑπαθύνεις ἀργυρείδες ὕδωρ.
Βρώσιμος τε λελάδοντο, σάκεσ' ἔχει εἰσφέρουσι,
Ὄμμα τὰν πάσης ἀγλαΐης φάει.
Οὔνομα δ' ἀφράστοις ἐπικλυτὸν ἀνδράσιν ἔσσῃ,
Ὄρρα καταχυσίη εἰσιόσσα τέσσι.
Τίγεται ἀμφὶ γυνὰ ἢ κἀπολέσσαι ἀκαὶ
Θελξίνοο κείνα ὑάκματο δαμάσσι.
Ἡμετέρῃ Ῥοδόπῃσιν δὲ δίδωσ' ὑπὸ καλὴ
Μαῖα χατδυήσι τυπτόχροα βρέφη.
Ὄρνις ἐσ ξυλόχησιν ἔμὴν Ῥοδόπῃσιν ἀείσει
Ἥρωα ὑμηδύσσιν εἰσιόσσα βροτῶ.
Τύνη δ' ἢ σοὶ ζῶν ὕμνο ὀφείλεσ' ἔσσαι, ἕνεκ'
Δειδίχατ' ἀκαχίσι πικρὸν ἐλεξάμεν ἔαρ.
Καὶ εἴτις καλλει μίγα νύκτ' φῦλα γυναικῶν,
Φημίξῃσι, νέη ὡς Ῥοδόπη δὲ πέλει.

Λυδίαν

The little Flowers dropping their honied Dew,
Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy Shoo,
Not for thy fault (sweet ROSAMOND*) doe moane,*
Onely lament, that thou so soon art gone;
For if thy Foot touch Hemlock as it goes,
That Hemlocks made more sweeter then the Rose.

Of JOVE*, or* NEPTVNE*, how they did betray,*
Speake not; of IO*, or* AMYMONE*,*
When she, for whom JOVE *once became a Bull,*
Compar'd with Thee, had been a Tawny Trull;
He a white Bull, and she a whiter Cow,
Yet he nor she never had'e so white as thou.

Long since (thou know'st) my care provided for
To lodge thee safe from jealous ELEINOR*;*
The Labyrinths Conveyance guides thee so,
*(*VVhich only VAVGHAN*, thou, and I do do know)*
If she do guard thee with an hundred Eyes,
I have an hundred subtill MERCVRIES*,*
To watch that ARGVS *which my love doth keep,*
Untill Eye, after Eye, fall all to sleep.

And those Starres which look in, but look to see,
*(*VVondring*) what Star here on Earth should be;*
As oft the Moon, amidst the silent Night,
Hath come to joy us with her friendly Light,
And by the Curtains helpd mine Eye to see
VVhat envious Night and Darkenesse hid from me;
VVhen I have wisht, that she might ever stay,
And other VVorlds *might still enjoy the Day.*
VVhat should I say? VVords, Teares, and Sighes
And want of Time doth further Help prevent;

M

¶ Ἀνθέων αἱ ῥαδάμιγγες ἀπέσυθεν ὑδατόεντα
(Ὡς φάο) νέρθε πεδῶν δακρυχάεις τεῶν·
Ὃν πότμον γόωσι, τῷ ἐκ ἀλιτέσμορα κύρμα,
Ῥιμφα παρερχομένῳ ἀχαλόωσιν ἰδεῖν.
Εἰ δ' ἐν γὰ σκύλληισιν ἐπιφλαύσειας ἰύγα,
Σκύλλη πικροτάτη λαρὸν ὄδωδε ῥόδον.
¶ Μή μοι Ἀμυμώνιον Ποσιδήϊον αὖθις ἐγείρῃς,
Μηδ' ὡς Ἰναχίῳ Ζεὺς ἀπάφισκε πάλαι·
Αἰκά σοι ἀντιόῃ τε, καὶ εἰς ὥπα ἰδέσθαι
Ἧς ἐράσσατο πρὶν πάλαι Ζεὺς θεοταΰτης ἴυγ·
Λευκὸς ὁ μὲν ταῦρος, δαΐφρονος δ' ἔτι λευκὸς ἐκείνη,
Λευκότερος χιόνος δ' ἐκ ἐγένοντο τριχῶν.
† Οἷάς πῶς σὺ ἐγὼ περιφραδέως ἔρος ἔδεισα,
Ὡς ἂν ἀλυσκάζω ζηλοφανῆ γαυστήν.
Ἀκριτος εἰλίγγοισι πέλεν λαβέειν θ' ἕρυτες·
(Οὐς μὲν νοι ἴδωθ νᾶϊ, καὶ Δυάνι θ.)
Εἰ σὺ δάμαρ Κλεοφάεος ἑκατὸν μνααῦσι δοκεύει,
Ἑρμάωνες ἐμοὶ εἴκοσι δμῳάοσιν,
Οἵ τ' Ἄργον λοχόωσι Σοοσκόπῳ εἰσόκεν ὕπνῳ
Παυδαμάτῳ μνηστῆρι ἄλλα μετ' ἄλλα δρέκειν.
¶ Τείρεα φαμφαίνοντα δι' αἰθέρος, ἀστέρες αὐγῇ
Θηεῦνται πηδόθεν λαμπτῆρα τὸν θ' ἑλόεν.
Νύκτα χτ' ζοφόεσσαν ὀπιθρώσκω φιλότητι
Εἴποτε μαιμαρυγῆς ἄμμες ἴκηαι ἔνθ',
Καὶ δὰ πάλιν ἑανῷ ἐμοῖς ὄσσοισιν ἔδειξεν
Ὅσσα κάλαντο φανὴς ἀμφικάλυψε σκότ θ'.
Ἐλισσάμενο χθονίοισι φανήσεται πᾶσι θεαῖς,
Ἠδ' σεληναίην ναιέμεν φάεσιν.
Καὶ, τί κεν ἐξερέοιμι; πολύστονα δάκρυα, μυθοί τε
Ἐξέλιπον, καὶ ἔλιξ ἄλαο μύγησι χέω θ'.

My Camp reſounds with fearfull ſhocks of Warre,
Yet in my Breaſt more dangerous conflicts are.
Yet is my Signall to the Battells ſound,
The bleſſed name of Beauteous Roſamond.
Accurſed be that Heart, that Tongue, that Breath,
Should think, ſhould ſpeak, ſhould whiſper of thy death;
For in one ſmile or lowre from thy ſweet Eye,
Conſiſts my Life, my Hope, my Victory.
Sweet Woodſtock, where my Roſamond doth reſt,
Be bleſt in her, in whom thy King is bleſt;
For though in France a while my body be,
My heart remaines (deare Paradiſe) in thee.

Roſamond had written in her's

This ſcribled paper, which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, doth reſemble me. &c.

Julia weeping.

1.

FAireſt, when thine eyes did powre
A Chriſtall ſhowre,
I was perſwaded that ſome ſtone
Had liquid growne;
And thus amazed, ſure thought I
When Stones are moiſt, ſome raine is nigh.

Αμφὶ σεῖ κλισίης τέτατο κρατερὴ ὑσμίνη,
Ριγίσιν κραδίῃσιν δ' ἀμφιδίδοτο μάχη·
Αὐτὰρ τειλίσιον Ῥοσμονδίης κυλίσασε ἥν
Οὔνομά μοι λυγρὴ ὃν δυΐσιμα πέλει.
Ἀρητὸν πάντεσσι κέαρ, ϗ γλῶσσα γένοιτο,
Ἢ τὸν ἔρρα ἔλειν ϗ μενέμεν μέσσῳ·
Ἐν σέο δ' ἔλοσυρῷ τε γαληναίῳ τε σεσώπῳ
Ἐλπίδ' ἐμοὶ, νίκην, ϗ βιότοιο φέρεις.
Βοῦσοκίη, αἰμᾶς Ῥοσμονδίης ἔδρασον, ἔσο
Ὄλεθρος, ἢ βασιλέως ὄλβον ἔρυσο τεῦ.
Αἶκε δίκας Κελτῶν ἀλλόθροος αὖα κέχανδεν,
Τύνη ἐμὴν ψυχὴν, ὦ Ῥοσμονδίη, λάχες.

* Scripserat in ſuis ad regem literis *Roſmanda.*

Ὤιμοι ἐγὼ, ϖολίδεσσι παναίολός εἰμι κελαινῇς,
Λύκας ὑπὸ γενφίδων ὡς ἐόλητο σελίς.

In Fuliam lachrimantem.

Ἐως σὺ ὑπὸ βλεφάρων κρυσάλλῳ εἴκελον ὄμβρες
Ἔσυσο, Νύμφα καλὴ;
Τῆμος ἐγὼ πιδόμην, ὅθ' ὑπέρμορα λᾶας ἀτειρὴς
Ἔρρεν ἔκ σο μένος.
Θυμὸς ἦ μετέπιπτε πιθήσιος, ὑπὸς ἄγχι,
Αὐτοχύτης ϗαλάπα εἰ ϕεκάδεσσι λίθος.

2.

VVhy weep'ſt thou, 'cauſe thou canſt not be
More hard to me?
So Lioneſſes pitty, ſo
Do Tigers too:
So doth the beaſt, which when hee's fed
On all the man, pines ore the Head.

3.

Yet Ile make better Omens, till
Event beguile:
Theſe pearely drops in time ſhall be
A precious Sea.
And thou ſhalt like thy Corall prove,
Soft under water, hard above.

Of Beauty.

VVHat do I here? what's Beauty? 'laſſe
How doth it paſſe?
As flowers as ſoon as ſmelled at
Evaporate,
Even ſo this ſhaddow, ere our eyes
Can view it, flyes.

2.

VVhats Colour? 'laſſe the ſullen night
Can it affright;

2.

Τίπτέ νυ δακρυχέεις; ὅτι μᾶλλον ἀμείλιχος ἄντιλω
Οὐ δύνασαι γεγαίβης;
Οὕτω σε ἐλέησα λέαινα, καὶ ὄϊκτος ἀπῆνεῖς
Τίγρις ἔτιλεν ὁμῶς·
Οὕτω καὶ πρόσθεν ἐμοὶ, ἐπεὶ κατ' ἄρ' ἔδαπεν ἄνδρα,
Κώδεια μεδέπων δάκρυα θερμὰ χέεν.

3.

Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κακὸν ἄ φερτόν ὀνοίμαι, εἰ σὺ καὶ τύχοιμι
Λοίδορον ἐξαπάφης·
Φημὶ δέ τ' αὐγαλέας φιάδας μετέπιθεν ἔσεσθαι
Πόρτον ἀλὸς τμίπης·
Κυμαλίῳ τόνη δ' ἐναλίγκιος εἶσαι ἄντα,
Νέρθε γε μὴν μαλακὴ, αὐτὰρ ὕφ' ὀφρύσι λιγδαξ.

Pulchritudo.

Πῇ με πόδας φορέουσι; τί καλὸς; πῶς δέ τε μίμνω
Μίνυνθα' ὧδ', ἔπι μᾶλα δήν;
Ὡς ὅταν ἀνδρὶ ἔκηρον ἰδὼν πόρες, ἧσατο τ' ὀδμῇ,
Τοῖς δ' αὖ μαραίνεται αἴγλη·
Οὕτως ἀγλαΐη σκιῇ εἴκελος, αὐτίκα φεύγει
Πεῖν ἢ ἴντησας ὀπωπῆς.

2.

Τίπτε δ' ἀείζηλος χροιὴ πέλει; αὐτίκα κάλλιν
Μαυρώσει νὺξ ἐρεβεννή·

A roſe can more Vermilion ſpeak,
Then any cheeke:
A richer white on Lillyes ſtands
Then any Hands.

3.

Then what's that worth, when any flower
Is worth far more!
How Conſtant's that, which needs muſt dye
When day doth flye?
Glow-wormes can lend ſome petty light
To gloomy night.

4.

And what's proportion? we deſcry
That in a fly.
And what's a lippe? tis in the teſt,
Red clay at beſt.
And what's an Eye? an Eaglets are
More ſtrong by farre,

5.

Who can that ſpacious nothing heed,
Which flyes exceed?
Who would his frequent kiſſes lay
On painted clay?
Wh' 'ould not, if eyes affection move,
Young Eaglets love?

6.

Is beauty thus? then who would lye
Love-ſick and dye?
And's wretched life annihilate
For he knows not what?

Ηνί, ῥόδων πολὺ μᾶλλον ἐρυθριόωσι πέπλα
Ἢ θαυματαὶ κύκλα παρειάων·
Λευκοτέρη σύσσοι χιὼν ἐφύπερθε γάνυται
Ἢ ἀμβροσίης παλάμῃσι.

3.

Ὤιμοι ἐγώ! πῦρ ἓν ἀνταῖξιν ἔπλετο κἀμοί,
Αἶχε δ' ἐσφερέτην ἀνθρ;
Πῶς γ' τε θηπτὸν τελέθει, ὃ παραυτίκ' ὄλωλε
Νέον ἥιμασ ἀνομίοισ;
Ἠβαιὸν μερόπεσσι φόως κ' νυκτὸς ἀωτὶ
Λαμπυρίδες ἀμφὶς ἔδηλο.

4.

Τί πτ' νυ συμμείξειε ἑῷ χερὸς, ἣν ἀναφαίνει
Μήτις ἀμασσύλητόσσιν;
Ψυχταχὰς πῦ γ' χεῖλ; ἐπεὶ κε τόσ' ἄγχι δοκήσοις,
Πηλὸς δ' ἀτ' ἐξ ἐρυθρῆς
Καὶ τί φερέσβιον ὄσσοις ἐπεὶ αἰετῦ ἀγ αὐλοχείλε
Ὡς ὀξὺ λάμψιν ὀπωπαί.

5.

Τίς μυρώειον ἦδὲ καταστόμιον ἐσ ἀγᾶς,
Ὦι βληχὴ μυῖα κέκασται;
Τίς πυτὸς, θαμίεσσι φιλήμασιν ἦδὺ γεφίεσι
Πηλῦ φοίνικος ἔρευθ;
Αἶκε δ' ἔρως χαράσσῃσιν ἐμὶ ἀνὴρ ὀφρύσι, πῶς ἔ
Μεγήεντοι αἰετοῦς;

6

Εἰ καλὸ τοιόνδ', τόδε σεβιμνὸ οἷσιν,
Τίς κεν φίλον ἧτορ ἀΐδοι;
Καὶ χεῖμ' ἐλεινόσσεν ἀεὶ ἀκίχητα δάκοι,
Λαδίφρονα θυμὸν ἀνίαις;

And with ſuch ſweat, and care invade
A very ſhade?

7.

Even he that knowes not to poſſeſſe
True happineſſe,
But has ſome ſtrong deſire to try
VVhats miſery,
And longs for teares; oh! he will prove
One fit for love.

Reſponſum.

1.

CONſidera, Tydide, & retrocede: Venerem divinam
Quid vulnerare cupis?
Si pulchritudo videtur eſſe brevis ævi,
Tanquam flos, eo melior,
Et non abjectior ſit: perituræ fruere,
Nec invideris pereunti.

2.

Cutem venuſtam non infuſcant atræ tenebræ;
Lucet vel nocte intempeſtâ:
Magis punicat roſa decora, at illuſtrior
Rubor inſedit genas.
Sint Lilia candentia, immenſum albicant
Mirabiles digiti manûs.

Τοσσατίοις ἢ μόγοισι, πόσῳ ἱδρῶτι μαπύοι
Σκιῆς ὑπκαρδίς ἄδυρμα;

7.

Εὐτυχίλιω ὅστις καὶ ἄρ ἔσυγεν, ὐδὲ πέγνω
Οἷον κτέρεας ὅλβος ἐπύχθη,
Αὐτὰς πειρηθῆναι ὀΐζύος ἀλγινοέσσης
Ἰμείρεται ἀσχελὲς αὖτως,
Ὅστις δακρυόφιν λίλιω ἐπμαίεται, ὅτος
Ἵεται φέρεισος ὑπὸ μώς.

Responsum.

1.

Φεᾶζεο Τυδείδη, καὶ χάζεο, Κυπρείδα δῖαν
Πῶς ἐτάμναι μητιάνειρας;
Αἴκά ποδὶ καλλος μινυώδιον εἴδεϊ ἕηι,
Ἄνδρος ὡς, φέρτερον ἔνδα,
Οὐδ' ἄρ ἀπόβλητον τελέθει φθινύθοντος ἐπαύρηαι,
Καὶ μὴ φθιμένῳ τι μιγαίρῃς.

2.

Οὐ χροιὴν πείπυσον ἀμαυρῇσι δάσκιος ὄρφνη,
Φάει καὶ νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ.
Μᾶλλον ἐρυθριάα ῥόδον ἀγλαὸν, ἔξοχον αὐτᾶρ
Παρηΐδας ἔιλεν ἔρδων.
Ἔχων ἄργυφα σῶμα, ἀθέσφατον ὠχριόωσι
Καὶ δωϊτὰ δάκτυλα χειρός.

3.

O amici! quid non antecellit pulchritudo,
Si floribus anteſtat?
Proh! ut admiranda eſt, quæ lucem ſpargit
Etiam occidente Sole?
Pereat cicindela, quandoquidem illa noctem diſſipat,
Hæc ſerenum diem facit.

4.

Si Muſcis corpus proportionatum eſt, quid tum? ſola
Symmetria pulchritudinem non præbet:
Nec mihi videntur labia rubrum lutum, verùm
Divinius quid poſſident.
Aquilæ oculi acutiùs cernunt è capite,
Sed non conſimili fulgore.

5.

Quis divinam & non-revocabilem pulchritudinem im-
Quâ cætera deſtituuntur. (*probat,*
Quis non frequentibus oſculis ſuaviter honoret
Genarum divinam purpuram?
Quòd ſi amor ex obtutu naſcitur, ut placet Nympha
Aquilinos oculos nactæ?

6.

Si Talis eſt pulchritudo, amoris œſtro concitus
Quis non coràm animam expiret?
Quis rem venuſtam & ſemper intra vota cernens,
Animum temperantem cohibeat?
Quis autem tanto labore & ſudore non quæſierit
Vitæ jucundiſſimum ſolatium?

7.

Quiſquis fœlicitatem admodum curat, & benè novit
Quàm preciosa mere ſit venuſtas, Nec

3.

Ὦ πάτογες! πῆϛ ἐκ ἀνταξίαν ἔπλετο κάλλϛ,
Αἰκὲ πεφυτρύσεσθ' ἀνθεων;
Φεῦ! ὡς θηπτὸν τελέθει, ὁ σιλαφόγον ὤρτο
Καὶ δυσπαμένο φαέθοντϛ;
Ἐῤῥοιξ λαμπυεὶϛ, ἐπεὶ ἢ νύκτα κέλσαιεν,
Τὸ δ' ἔυδον ἤγαγεν ἡμαρ.

4.

Σύμμιτεϛ οἱ μιήζι δ' ἔμαι, τί νυ σοι πλέον; ὅτι
Οὐ συμμετρὶη πόρε κάλλϛ·
Οὐ μοι πλὸϛ ἐρυθρὸϛ ἔπέσατο χείλεα, ἠ τὸ
Θεωτερον ἄλλο λέλοϛχεν.
Αἰεπὸ ὀξύτερον κεφαλῦϛ ἐπέρκεται ὄσσε,
Πλὴν ἐκ ἴσης ἀμαρυγῆϛ.

5.

Τίϛ ζάθεον ἢ ἑ φαλιναίχετον ἔιδϛ ἀπ' οἰῆ
Οὐ ἄμμορϛ ἦλλα γένοντο;
Τίϛ δ' ἐκ ἂν θαμέεσσι τιλίμασιν ἠδὲ γλεφίεσσι
Παρειῶν θεῖον ἐρεύθϛ;
Εἰ δ' ἐρϛ ἐν βλεφάρων γένεται, πῶϛ ἔυαδὲ νύμφη
Καὶ αἰετῦ ὄυματ' ἐχέσα;

6.

Εἰ κάλλϛ τοιόνδε, πόθι βεβιημένϛ ὄιεφ
Τίϛ ἑ φίλον ἦτορ ἀίδω;
Τίϛ χεῖμ' ἀγλαόμορφον ἀεὶ ὑπόλπον ὀπωπὼϛ,
Σαόφρονα θυμὸν ἐρύκοι;
Τίϛ δ' ἑ τοσατῶ μόγω ἠδ' ἐρῶντι ματεύοι
Βίᾳ μενοεικὲϛ ἄνειαρ;

7.

Εὐτυχὴϛ ὅϛις μέγα κήδεται, ἠδ' ἐυ ἔρνω
Οἷον κτέρεας ἔπλετο κάλλϛ,

Οὐδ'

Nec percipere dolores ſupra modum graves
Cupit indeſinenter,
Et quiſquis lætitiam valde conſectatur, ille
Amoris optimus famulus.

Home-Travell.

WHat need I travell, ſince I may
More choicer wonders here ſurvey?
What need I Tyre *for purple ſeek,*
When I may find it in a cheek?
Or ſack the Eaſterne ſhores, there lyes
More precious Diamonds in her eyes?
What need I digge Peru *for Oare,*
When every haire of her yeelds more?
Or toile for gummes in India,
Since ſhe can breath more rich than they?
Or ranſack Africk, *there will be*
On either hand more Ivory?
But look within, all vertues that
Each nation would appropriate,
And with the glory of them reſt,
Are in this mappe at large expreſt:
That who would travell here, might know
The little world in folio.

Οὐδ' ἢ περιθῆναι ἰσόζυγον αἰνόδιν αἰνῆς
Ἱμείρεται ἀσκιλὲς αὖτις.
Καί ῥ' ὅπως εὐφροσύνης λίην ἐπιδεύεται, ἔστω
Ἔρωτι φέρεις ὑποδμώς.

Domestica peragratio.

Τίς χρειὼ φράσαι νήσων ἐπὶ πλειάδα πάσαν,
Ἰσομοιρίς γαίει εἰ περάσαι θαλείς;
Κρείσσονες εἰ φοίνικι μιὴν θαμὰ κύκλα περιστὰν,
Τί ποτ' ἐφιμείρω κόχλον ἐλὸς τυείης;
Τίπτε δ'' Ἐρυθραίῃσι παρ' ἠϊόνεσσιν ἀλῶμαι,
Φέρτερος εἰ ἀδάμας ὀπὶ βλεφάρων σιλαγεῖ;
Τίπτ'' Ὀφύρλιν καταδῦμαι, ὃθ' ἀργύρου ὄζοι γανόωσι;
Ὄζρυζον νικᾷ χρυσείοισι κόμη.
Τίπτε δ' ἢ Ἰνδοφόροισιν ἐπὶ θυέεσσι τέθηπα,
Εἰ ἢ λαερτίρῃ ἄδματι πνοιὴ σία;
Τίπτε δ' ὀρεσκῴους Λιβύλιν ἀνὰ δῆρας ἐναίρω,
Λαμπτὰς φοινοτρεῖ εἰ ἐλάφαντι θέναρ;
Ἀλλὰ νόου σκοπιάζε, τά τ' ἔνδον ἐόντα δόκευε,
Ὁσσατίης μυελὸς γαμεύεται βροτοὶ,
Ὁσσατίας μηθέπεσιν ἀεὶ φρονέοντι ἄλλαν,
Τοσσατίων ἀρετέων (φεῦ) πύκα ἔνδια πέλαρ.
Ὄφρά τις ἔνδεν ἴδηται, φεγγιλιτώων ὄπασε,
Κόσμε μεσοπίῃ μηκεδανὸν πέρας.

Chrystallus

The Chrystall.

1.

THis Chrystall here,
That shines so cleare,
And carries in its wombe a little day,
Once hammer'd will appear
Impure as dust, as darke as clay.

2.

Euen such will prove
Thy face (my Love!)
When age shall spoile the lustre of thine eyes,
And all that red remove
Which on thy spicy lippe now lies.

3.

Nor can a hand
Againe command,
By any Art, those ruins into frame,
But they will severd stand,
And nere compose the former same.

4.

Such is the case
(Love!) of thy face,

Both

Chrystallus.

1.

Κρύσταλλος, ὦ φίλ', ὕτω
Δεῖ δῆλον γαπωθῆς,
Ὃς χὴ νηδύοφιν βαιὸν ἔρυξε φόως,
Εἰὴν τειστῆρ ἐπαύρῃ
Πηλὸς ὡς δοκέει, χὴ ζοφόεσσα κόνις.

2.

Καὶ σύ, φίλη, ὀπωπαὶ
Ὁμοίϊαι ἔσονται,
Ἥμος πυλυετὴς ὄμμασ' ἔαφλα χείνῃ,
Ἰδὲ μαύρωσιν ἔρδοντ
Ὀῤῥα ψυχοτακὲς χεῖλος ἐπιμύσσαιεν.

3.

Οὔτ' ἄρ πάλιν ἐνώσῃ
Τεχνημόνων σοφὴ χεὶρ
Ῥῶγας λεπταλέας ἀμφιδρύφοιο λίθου·
Διὲτ μαγεν, ἄλλυδις ἄλλη,
Σπὴν ἀρχέγονον δ' ἐς τυπόοντο πάλιν.

4.

Ὁμὴ λέλογχεν αἶσα
Καὶ σὸν, φίλη, πρόσωπον.

Ουδὲ τις

Both desperate; in this you disagree,
Thy beauty needs must passe,
It (of it selfe) will constant be.

Arregressa Poemata translata sunt ex opusculis juvenilibus D. D. Nigeri. Erat is vir ingenio singulari, exprompto judicio, linguarum etiam, supra seculum instructus, & mihi arctissimâ familiaritate legendisq; mutuò fallebamus; quorum nunc editione obitum amici

In OLIVARIANAM inaugurationem à F. F. versibus Heroicis decantatam.

O Mars, Mars, verùm non homicida, sanguinarie, salve,
Salve, prius Scotiæ victor, nunc etiam obscuritatis.
Retulit hic quidē magnū honorem canens ducem Anglo-
Atq; etiā ille decantatus; ita pensatur gratia. (rum,
Quot autē dux ipse prælucet virtutibus, totidem
Ornatur luminibus (hic) consimilis pagina.
Siquid audieris de Hectore, aut Peleo generoso,
Tace, Semidei illi (erant) hic Divinus.
Veteres jaculis-stulti erant famuli Martis,
At ipse Mars *incoràm huic* famulus *est.*

Aliud

Οὐδ' ἔτερον ἐλεπίν γ', ὅτι λεῖστὸν ἔφυ.
Κἀκὴ Νὶ σὶ μοῖρα δαμάζει,
Καὶ τόδ' ἐπαυρεῖν ἄλλοθεν ὅστις ἔχει.

JOHANNIS HALL de Conſectr in Epiſcopatu Dunelmenſi Artium peritiâ, Philoſophiæ tum veteris tum novæ cognitione ſupra conjunctum. Ille dum viveret, eorum ſuaviſſimum biſce verſendis præmaturum, & jucundiſſimæ conſuetudinis memoriam ſolor.

In OLIVARIANAM inaugurationem à F. F. verſibus Heroicis decantatam.

Αρες, Ἄρες, πλὴν ἐ βροτολοιγὲ, μιαίφονε, Χαῖρε·
Χαῖρε, πάρος Σκοπιὴς ἔξοχα, νῦν σκοπιὴς·
Ἱερὰ δ' ὃ μέγα κῦδος ἀείσας ὄρχαμον Ἀγλῶν,
Καὶ β' ὄγ' ἀειδόμενος τὸς ἀπαμείψετο χάρις.
Ὀυρανίοισι δ' Ἀγὸς φαέθει ἀμαρύγμασι, τίαρις
Ἰσορυὴς εἰλβει ἀγλαΐῃσι σελὶς.
Ἔκτορος εἶπ πίπτοντος, ἢ εἰ Πηλῆος ἀγαυῦ,
Σίγα, ἡμίθεοι κεῖνοι, ὁδ' Ηγάθεος.
Ἀρχέγονοι ἰόμωροι ἔσαν θρασύπαντις Ἄρηος,
Αὐτὰς ὕπαιθα δ' Ἄρης τόδε πέλεν θρασύπαν.

C Aliud,

Aliud.

Quid igitur hic intonuit? quis æreæ
Tubæ clangor circumſonat?
Proh! quale acroama! O divina vox!
Proh! ut auditione delector!
Mendaciloquium præconem invidit
Achilli Macedo: hìc verò
Invidendus Præco, invidendus Dux,
Et Melos invidendum eſt.
Hic (leguntur) fugæ, fugationes, urbium
Infanda excidia,
Induciæ pugnis, & pugnas induciis
Conſertæ contextæque,
Commutabilis victoriæ mœſta ludibria,
Et fluxus incertæ fortunæ.
Pereat celebrator Pythiorum, malum
Silentium involvat Maronem:
Noſtri Herois facta ſtrenua, gloriam,
Et Imperii Encænia
Tuba clangit Britannica, recentia
Recens (poeta) deprædicat.
Papæ! Papæ! operis actor,
Et verborum ſcriptor pares ſunt,
Ambo excellunt; ita dum unius audio,
Agnoſco triumphos duorum.

Aliud.

Τί δαὶ λέλακεν ἔνδας τὶς χαλκοστόμυς
Κώδων ὁ ἀμφιάχει βοήν;
Φεῦ! ὅιον ἀκρόαμα! διαπεπάφαμαι!
Φεῦ! ὡς ἀκυῆ τέρπομαι!
Ψαδυγεφὺς κήρυκος ἐρδονήσατο
Ἀχλεῖ Μακηδὼν· ἔνδα δ'
Ἐπῴδυν ὁ κήρυξ, ἐπῴδυν ὁ Ταγὲς,
Ἐπῴδυν ὁ δ' ὄιμη πόλες.
Εὖδ' αὖ σεῖώξεις, παλιώξεις, πόλεων
Νηλιτέες κατασκαφαὶ,
Σπανδαὶ μάχησι, ἢ μάχαι σπανδῆς ἀεὶ
Ἐρμίναι ἢ συνεχεῖς,
Ἐπιραλκίδ' ἐσόμενα νίκης παίγνια,
Καὶ ῥῆμ' ἀναμάλυ πύχης.
Ἔῤῥοι Μελικτὴς Πυδίων, κακοκλεὴς
Μάρωνα σιγὴ ἀμφέποι·
Ἥρως ἀμὴ τὰς ἀειδείας, κλέα,
Καὶ ἀνακτορίης Ἐγχείνια.
Σάλπιξ Βρετανὶς ἰάχει, νεῖφα τὰ
Νεηγενὴς ὠλίζεται.
Βαβαὶ, βαβαὶ Ἐυρμίας! φρικτὴς μόθυ
Ῥιπὴρ τ' ἐπέων, ἰσόζυγοι,
Ἄμφω ὑπερέχυσιν· ἕως δ' ἐνὸς κλύω,
Βλέπω δυοῖν Ἐπῳβικα.

A valediction forbidding mourning.

1.

As vertuous men paſſe mildly away,
And whiſper to their ſouls to goe,
Whilſt ſome of their ſad friends do ſay,
The breath goes now, and ſome ſay, no.

2.

So let us meet, and make no noiſe,
No tear-floods, nor ſigh-tempeſts move,
T'were prophanation of our joies
To tell the Laiety our love.

3.

Moveing of th' earth brings harmes and feares,
Men reckon what it did, and meant,
Whilſt trepidation of the Spheares,
Though greater far, is innocent.

4.

Dull ſublunary lovers love
(Whoſe ſoule is ſenſe) cannot admit
Abſence, becauſe it doth remove
Thoſe things which elemented it.

5.

But we by a love ſo much refind,
That our ſelves know not what is is,

Inter-

Naniarum Interdictio.

1.

Σιγᾶ ὡς ἐθλὸς δημείβεται, ὃν δ' τι θυμὸν
Ε φυσιεξεν ἴον πνοιῆσιν ἀκλαὲ,
Ἕως ἐταιρίσσιν ἀνίαχον, ἦδ' ὁ μὲν, ἦδη
Λαῶν ὑποπτεύει, χὠ μὲν, ἐγὼ λέγω.

2.

Ὅταν ἐς χώμενδα σταθῆ, μηδ' τις ὁμέρης
Δάκρυσιν, σταλάων ἢ ἀναδυόμενα πέλοι·
Ἄστω ἐὴν φιλότητα χαλίφρων, ἥλιτεν, ὅστις
Ἐκφυγεμυθήσαι δημοτέροις ἔργ.

3.

Φρυκαλέη λυγρὴ τ' ἔνοσις χθονὸς, ὃν δ' ἐρέοντα
Οἷον ἔφυτε πέρας, δῖον ἔρεξε, βροτόν.
Ἕως τεθμὸν ἀζηχὲς σφυρῶν ἐρεμνὸν ἀνδρείσαν
Μείζων μὲ τελέσει, χὠ κατακηκὼν πέλει.

4.

Ἀβληχρὸς μὲ ἔρως, χαμηλὸς, ἠλὸς, ἐρεσσέων
Τοῖς ἐ πάντυσι ψυχὴ ἐν αἰδάσεται,
Ῥηϊδίως μελέων συνάχνοις λάσκοις, ὅσων
Ἀρδμὸς ἀερσοτραγῆ μὲν ξυνέλκοιν σάρ.

5.

Ἡμίτεκος ὁ πόθ, καθαρὸς χὠ ἀθέσφατ ὦδε.
Ὧδε χὠ αὐτοτάτυς νῆδυς ἔτο πέλειν.

Inter-assured of the mind,
Care lesse eyes, lips, hands to misse.

6.

Our two soules therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to ayery thinnesse beat.

7.

If they be two, they are two so,
As stiffe twin compasses are two,
Thy soule the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

8.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leanes and listens after it,
And growes erect, as that comes home.

9.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmnesse makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

Hero and Leander.

Both robd of aire, we both lye in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drownd.

Ἀχεῦσι τοῖς νόεσιν ὁμηθὴς, χήτει ἄφαυρῷ
Ὀρθαλμῶν, παλίμπλαγξ, χολὸς, ἀκράχεα.

6.

Οὐδ' ἐμῷ ἀιχμάοντο δόρατι μάχην ἄλυδις ἄλλῃ
Νωϊτέρῃσι ψυχαὶ, αἳ γαμέουσιν μίην·
Οὐ σκέδασις, χύσις ὄζων· ἀπὸ σφυρέων ἄτε χεῦσις
Οὐκ ἐάγη, αὐτὰρ πίτναται ἠέρι.

7.

Εἰ δύο, ὡς δύο εἰσὶ, ταναύπορος ὡς λαβέτην
Νέρθε παρηορίη δίχθας ἔχετα πόδιν,
Ψυχὴ σὴ, σαόος ἀξεμφεύς ἐναλίγκιος, ὠϊθαι
Οὐκ ἐδάκησιν, ἀπὰξ συρέσθαι ἑτέρῳ.

8.

Εἰ δ' ἐπὶ κάλλεσιν ὑπόδρα μισομφάλοιο ἐρύρεις,
Ἑως ἕτερος τηλοῦ ἐκατὶ παλτὸς ἑβάς,
Ἦια παρηκλίνει ἀειπόρος, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Ὀρθώθη, ἑτέρῳ ἀψ ἀντίος, ἀλλείς.

9.

Τοῖς ἐμοὶ ἔσται, ἑτέρῳ ποδὶ εἴκελον ὃν χεῖο
Λοξὰ παρτερχάων καμπυλόεσσιν ἴχνῃ,
Εὐκαμὲς σὴ ἐμοὶ παρηορίη κύκλον ἑτεύξει,
Τέρμα δ' ἐπ' ἀμφιέλικτον ἄγῃς.

Hero & Leander.

Ἠέρ' ἀποψύχονται ἐπ' ἠϊόνα ῥεμβόμενοι,
Ξυνὸν σῶμ κλίσι, ξυνὸν ἧ κατέκλυσε λαῖτμα,

A Licentious perſon.

THy ſins and haires may no man equall call,
For, as thy ſins increaſe, thy haires do fall.

In fratrum par celebre, GVLIELMVM & alter Pontificiorum, Proteſtantium alter parbus effecêre tandem, ut hic à Pontificiis ad ficios tranſiret, & uterque à ſententia vetere ſcriptis poſtea editis labefactaret. Quem caeſt D. Dr. *Alabaſter.*

BElla inter geminos pluſquam Civilia fratres
Traxerat ambiguus Relligionis apex:
Ille Reformatæ *fidei pro partibus inſtat,*
Ille Reformandam *denegat eſſe fidem.*
Propoſitis cauſæ rationibus alterutrinque,
Concurrêre pares, & cecidêre pares.
Quod fuit in votis, Fratrem capit alter-utérque:
Quod fuit in fatis, perdit utérque fidem.
Captivi gemini ſine captivante fuerunt,
Et victor victi tranſfuga caſtra petit.
Quod genus hoc pugnæ eſt, ubi victus gaudet utérque,
Et tamen alteruter ſe ſuperâſſe dolet!

In Aſotum.

Οὐκ ἴσαι σίδευ ἄμωλακίαι καὶ βόσρυχα χαίτης,
Αὔξετ' ἀταθαλίῃ, ἢ δ' ἀκόμη μινύθει.

JOHANNEM, RAINALDIOS, quorum cum tibus faveret, mutuis inter ſe concertationi- Proteſtantes, ille à Proteſtantibus ad Ponti- depulſus, quam defenderat fidem, eandem ſum elegantiſſimis hiſce verſibus proſecutus.

Δοιὴ ἀμφήκεος ὁμηθίας ἔιχεν ἀδελφεὰς,
Ὧρσε δ' ἐταιρείης σκυδαλάμους πυτιῆς.
Πλαζομένης ὁ μὲν ἔπτη ἐερσὴν ἐπιδρέψων αἰσίῃ,
Καί ῥ' ὁ δέμνιον ἔρη πίσυι ἀκλινέα.
Ἀντιβίοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀμειβόμενοι ἐείσαντο,
Νεῖκος ἴσον ἔρυ, νίκος ἴσον ἔρυ.
Ὡς σφισιν ἐυκτὸν ἔην, ἑκάτερθε κάσις κάσιν ἔιλε·
Πίστις δ' ἧς ἀμφω ἤμβεσεν, ὡς ἐόεικεν.
Αἰχμόδετοι δύο δῆν, ἐ κρείσσων ἔτις ἔγαντο,
Αὐτὰρ ὁ νικήσας ἀντιπάλῳ ἐδάμη.
Ὢ ἔειδ' καινῆς! ἦπιν ὁ μὲν, ἠδ' ὁ γαίνυται,
Καὶ νίκιμ ἀχέει ὅτ', ἰδ' ὠυτὸς, ἐπὶ.

IN

On FLAVIA. *a yellow haired Lady.*

COme Eagles here your Eaglets trye,
Where hair seems Sun-beams for the eye.
Were there but Persians here, each haire
Might call a votary to his prayer.
While every one emits a ray,
Brighter than those which guild the day.
Could age run back, and renew Greece,
They'd hither send for th' golden fleece.
In honour of this golden haire,
Sure Spain the golden fleece doth wear.
Though gone Hesperian Orchards be,
Your head preserves the golden tree.
Should Goddesses but now contend,
A hair of it might th' quarrell end.
Who would not think her the most fair,
Who could deserve to have your hair?
Or is your head an hill of fire,
Since men feel Ætna in desire?
Or Cupid of thy haire makes darts,
Which being fire enflame all hearts?
Or the proud boy will captives hold
In fetters which are made of gold.
Nature presaging you would Empire have
And rule ore hearts, this Crown of gold you gave.

In Heroinam, cui flavum obtigeras capillitium.

Ἄουρ ἴτ' ὦ ἀστῶν νεοχμοί, νήπια τέκνα,
Ἰσοφυὴς φαέθει ἠελίοιο κόμη.
Εἰ βλέποι ἀμβροσίης ξανθὸν χέος βόστρυχα χαίτης,
Καί κε λιτὰς ἀδίκοις αὐτίκα Πέρσα τάφοις·
Ἠῶ ὃς κεχόπτηλεν ὑπὲρ δύσιν πᾶσαν ἐν αἴαν
Ἀκτῖνων συλαγὲς ἀμβλυτέρησι βολαῖς.
Νειόθεν εἰ παλίορσος ἀπὸ ζόφου Ἕλλας ἀέλθοι,
Ἦτ' ἂν ἀσεύοι χρύσιον ὕδωρ λέγει.
Τιμὴν ἀρυσαμένου κε μαλὲ χρύσιον ἰθέρος
Χρυσοτέγεος γέρας καὶ ἐς Ζῆν' Ἰβύης.
Οἴχεται Βαπτείδων ἀφαίσιον, σὺν δ' ἀκαμάτῃ
Τηλεθάει λήνδρυ φύλλα φυοεντέα.
Καί κεν βόστρυχος ἔτος ἀπολλίξειεν ἐρωῆς,
Αὐδὴς ἐὰν τειοσὶ δηείοισι δαί.
Λίην ἀεισύνει, δ' ἀπείρεχές ὄζιν ἀπασῶν
Κάλλεϊ ᾧ, ἥτις χρυσοέθειρα πέλει.
Ἦ ῥα νυ σοὶ πῦρ δαίει ἀπὸ κρατὸς τε δ' ὤμων
Ὄσσων ἐσιαφθῆσαι θεσπεσίοιο πόθῳ;
Ἦ δ' πειρήνας χρυσῆ ἐυαχέα δεσμὰν,
Σπεῦδ' ἔρως πλέξαι φῦλον ἐρὼ τομανές;
Ἀρχὴν σὴν σεσμαδῦσα, δ' ὡς τοι μόρσιμοι εἰμὲν,
Δόμνα φύσις χρυσῷ ἐστεφάνωσε χάρη.

In

IN Celia a queſtion did ariſe,
Which were more beautifull, her lips or eyes.
We (ſaid the eyes) ſend forth thoſe pointed darts
which pierce the hardeſt Adamantine hearts.
From us (replyd the lips) proceed the bliſſes,
VVhich Lovers reap by kind words and ſweet kiſſes.
Then wept the eyes, and from their ſprings did powre
Of liquid orient all pearl a ſhowre.
VVhereat the lips mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweet ſmile unlockt her pearly treaſure.
Then bad Love judge, whether did adde more grace,
VVeeping or ſmiling pearles in Celias face.

FINIS.

Ἀμφ' Ἑλένῃ ἔεις ὦρτο, τὶ κάλλιον ἔιο γένοιτο,
Εἴτε φάος βλεφάρῳ, χείλεός εἴτε γάνος.
Ὡς δ' ἔφαν ὀφθαλμοὶ, ἡμεῖς βελέεσσι δαμᾶσθω
Λαίνεαι κραδίαι, ἄντα πυρὸς κόμβοι.
Χείλεα δ' αὖ ἐπάμεινατο, φιλήματος ἄμμιν ὀπηδεῖ
Ὅλβος ῥηξήνωρ, αἱμυλιοί τε λόγοι.
Δὴ τότ' ἐδάκρυσεν ὅστις, δακρυπλαύζει ξ κείνοις
Φεῦ! ῥυδὸν ἐσπλάσα μάργαρες ὑγρὸχίλος.
Ἄσχετος τὶς ἐωρτο γέλως χειλεσσι, τὰ δ' αὖτως
Μαργαρεοπάσσων ἔρκος ἐδείξαν ἐῶν.
Ἐκ δ' ἐβόων, φάος Κύπρει, θεώτερον εἰ λάχε κάλλος
Γανυμήδη Ἑλενῃ, ἢ ἐ χ' ἁρπυμένη.

FINIS.

Encomium VENETIARVM.

VIderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, & toto ponere jura mari:
Nunc mihi, Tarpeias quantumvis, Jupiter, arces
Objice, & illa Tui mœnia Martis, ait.
Si pelago Tybrim præfers; Urbem aſpice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hanc poſuiſſe Deos.

Act. S. Sannazarius.

Idem Græcè redditum.

Εἶδέ ποτ' ἀμφιρύτῳ Βενετὴν πόλιν Ἐννοσίγαιος
Στῆναι, ἰδ' Ἀδριακῇ κοιρανέειν πελάγεϊ·
Ὠιδὲ δ' ἔφη, μή μοι φεύγετε, Ζεῦ, αἰπὰ κάρηνα
Ῥωμης ἧς, ὅτ' αὖ τεῖχος Ἀρηΐφιλον·
Εἰ θύμβρεν φιλέεις ἀλὸς, σκοπάζε πόλησι,
Ἐκ δ' ἐρέεις, Μακάρων (θεὸς!) τόδε, κεῖνο βεβηκώς.

aliter:

Ἀδριακῇ στῆναι Βενετὴν πόλιν ἄμμε πόντῳ,
Καί ῥ' ἁλὶ κοιρανέειν, Ἐννοσίγαιος ἶδεν·
Εἶπε δ' ἄρ', Ἀυσονίης μή μοι κρήδεμνα πόληος,
Ζεῦ, φάο, χὠ σφετέρου τεῖχος Ἐνυαλίου·
Εἰ θύμβριν πλάσσεις βασιλεύτερον, ἄστεα λεύσσων,
Τοῦτο βεβηκὼς ἐρέεις μὲν χθὼν, ἐκεῖνο δὲ θεῶν.

Pro Dominâ Roma.

CUm Capitolinæ penetrâſſent nubila turres,
Auſæ perrupto pandere regna Polo:
Paruit Oceanus Tybri, ſubſerviit Urbi
Orbis, Cultricem dii coluêre ſuam.
A divis condi vulgare: hæc gloria major,
Ponere jura deis, quàm poſuiſſe deos.

H: Birchedus.

Idem Græcè.

Κρηδέμνοις ἔυπυργον ἐπεὶ Καπιτώλιον ἔσην,
Εν δ' ἐμίγη νεφέλης ὑρανομήκεες ἔδραι·
Θύμβριδι Ωκεανὸς, καὶ ἄστυ γαῖα πίθηται·
Θεοσεβέος πόλεως (θεοὶ!) σέβας εἶλε θεούς;
Ἴσον τίς κ' ἐρέοι, καὶ ὁμοιωθήμεναι ἄντιον,
Ὡς τεύκοντο θεοὶ, ὡς σεβάσαντο θεοί;

Aliter.

Ἀκροτάτη κορυφὴ πολυβενέος ἡνίκα Ῥώμης
Ὤρτο, καὶ ὑψερεφὴς ἀμβατὸν ἶξε πόλον.
Θύμβριν ὀπίζετο πόντος; ἰδὲ Πτόλιν εὐρεῖα χθών,
Ἄζετο δ' ἄντα θεὸς Ἄσυ, καὶ Ἄσυ θεοί.
Θεσπεσίως πεπόλισται καὶ ἄλλυδις ἔδρανα, μεῖζον
Τοῦτο, θεὸς τεύκειν, ἢ θεόθεν γενάμην.

In Adriacam Neſopolin.

Vt pelago emicuit Venetûm *Mavortia moles*
(Ceu Venus *orta fero,* Martis *amica, ſalo.)*
Mox vovet obſequium Nereus *amplexibus* Urbi,
Quam ditat *Requies,* protegit *Ira maris.*
Quanta Salus Genti! ſervabat Mobilis *Orbem,*
Figitur hæc *Conſi *firmior Arca ſinu.*

H. Birchedus.

*Neptuni

Idem Græcè.

Ἐγὼ ἅλὸς ἐξεφάνη Βενετῶν πολεμοκλονον ἔρκος,
(Ὡς πε, Ἀρηϊφίλη, παντογένεια Θεά.)
Νηρεὺς τυκτὸν ἔκυρτε φέλιπερχυθεὶς ἔδος, ἔνθα
Ολβοδοτεῖ Πηλῷ, ᾗ Τεῦφι κῦμα σαοῖ.
Ἐρρόει Νωακιδῶν πλαγκτὴ τρόπις· ἠνὶ πόλιμα
Εἶν ἅλὶ ῥ' Σταδίῳ, ἐν ϕαμάθῳ Σπβαρίῳ.

Aliter.

Ὡς ἅλὸς ἐξανέδυ Βενετῶν πολεμοκλὲς ἄστυλον
(Ἠΰτε παντογενὴς Κυπρεὶς, Ἀρηϊ φίλη)
Ἐν τ' ἄρα οἱ φῦ δηὶ, ἰδὲ περιπλύζατο Νηρεὺς
Ἐχθρῶν ῥυσίπολις, πλυτοδότης τε νεῶν.
Νωακίδας ἐσάωσε τρόπις, πόθεν ἤγαγε δ' Ασυ
Ἔυκτιτον ἐν ϕαμάθοις, ἐν πλάγει ϛαθερήν;

In eaſdem Venetias:

Quæ mihi, quæ mediis junguntur Cyclades *undis,*
Quas vetus Adriaci ſparſerat ira freti?
Scilicet, it rutilo ſublimis fabrica cælo
Ætheris inſani ludificata minas:
Ionio & quamvis Ponto ſonet Adria, ſævas
Oppoſiti frangit littoris agger aquas.
Quin Veneto linquit Cephas *Capitolia* Marco:
Diguior hinc Ædes, dignior inde Petra.

Idem Græcè.

Τίς ἀπορράδας νήσους πυκινῇς ἐνέδησε γεφύραις,
Οἷσμα Θ' Ἰονίῃ ἆς ἐνέδασε βίᾳ;
Ὑψόσε αἰθερίοισιν ἐπᾴρεται γυάλοισι
Μαινομένων ἀήμων ἀκ ἀλέγουσα Πόλις·
Αἰκὲς ῥοχθίσεια ποτὶ ξερὸν Ἀδριὰς ἄλμη,
Περβλῆτε λαίμαδοι ἰχανόωσι ῥόον.
Φεῦ! Κηρᾶς Βενετῆ, Ῥώμης δ' τε Μάρκ Θ' ἀνάσσει,
Ἄρμα Θ' ἕρδα πόλει Νηὶς, ἰδ' ὄρδα Πέτρη.

FINIS.